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of his learning, at least of such learning, as that age was qualified to afford. Allusions to the works of Greece, Rome, and modern Italy occur not infrequently in his writings, and, in some cases, where his knowledge could not have been derived through the medium of a translation. With the poetry of Petrarch he appears, in particular, to have been well acquainted; and the congeniality of disposition, discoverable in the two poets, as well as the painful resemblance of their fates, may naturally account for such a partiality. On one occasion, it deserves also to be noticed, he appears to have given a paraphrastic version of one of the Odes of Horace\*; and passages of the Iliad are often the objects of his allusion. With these his classical attainments (as we may not improperly call them) he united the national accomplishment of playing upon the harp, which he seems to have first learnt, at an early age, under the tuition of his kinsman, Llywelyn ab Gwilym; and it appears, from one of his poems, that he was fond of administering, in this manner, to the gratification of his female acquaintance. Of the person of our bard we have already incidentally spoken: it is described as remarkable for its elegance and symmetrical beauty; and he is thought to have been not insensible to the means of displaying it to the best advantage. In a word, shortly to sum up our imperfect narrative, Davydd ab Gwilym appears to have possessed, in a favoured degree, the graces both of person and mind, which, allied, as they were, to a pre-eminent poetical genius, contributed to render him one of the most remarkable characters of the age, in which he lived, and which he may, without exaggeration, be said to have adorned.

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### GWILYMIANA.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE BARD AND A MAID†.

B. Good day to you, my lovely Maid!

M. Welcome the cuckoo's rhyming blade!

\* Compare the 226th Poem in the Edition of his works with the 10th Ode of the 4th Book of Horace.

† See the "Poems" No. 180, p. 359. We regret that we cannot gratify our correspondent's wish by allowing the original to accompany his version. The space, it would occupy, would itself be a sufficient objection, even, if it were not, at all times, our anxious desire to consult, as much as possible, the convenience of our English readers.—Ed.

**B.** And how d'ye do, my lovely dear?  
**M.** Oh ! well and hearty, full of cheer.  
**B.** Why, true, my love you seem quite gay.  
**M.** Ah ! so you flirting beaux will say.  
**B.** How fair your face of roseate hue !  
**M.** If fair it be, no thanks to you.  
**B.** Oh ! what a beauteous form you have !  
**M.** 'Tis at my own expence, you knave.  
**B.** Your eye-brows are so round and fine !  
**M.** Well, what of that ? they still are mine.  
**B.** How jetty black your eyes so tender !  
**M.** And what is that to you, I wonder ?  
**B.** By Jove, your answers are quite pert !  
**M.** And so they should, 'tis your desert.  
**B.** Do answer me, my love, an' please ye !  
**M.** To answer you is not so easy.  
**B.** Now tell me, maid, do'nt be so dumb.  
**M.** What will you have me tell you ?—come !  
**B.** Is there of loving you no gain ?  
**M.** I tell you nay, you love in vain.  
**B.** And will you farther grace deny ?  
**M.** I will ; for more in vain you'll cry.  
**B.** Tell me at once (nor be so hot !)  
 Shall I possess my love or not ?  
**M.** By holy Mary's name I swear,  
 You sha'nt ! and press me, if you dare.  
**B.** Shall we to Hymen's altar jog ?  
**M.** Seek not to prove me, hateful dog !  
**B.** Then I will seize my Olwen \* maid.  
**M.** And I will shriek for Mary's aid.  
**B.** Come, let us to the Parson hie.  
**M.** In vain to coax me, rogue, you try.  
**B.** What then can I hope for ? say !  
**M.** A sign on a long summer's day.  
**B.** Ah ! placid nymph, I want a wife.  
**M.** And I a husband, by my life.      RHYDYCHENWR.

\* The original words are "nith Olwen," which are, perhaps, not very exactly rendered by "Olwen maid." Olwen is a mythological character, and occurs in the Mabinigion, as the object of the passion of Culhwch. She may be regarded as the Venus of the Welsh bards. The name implies a fair track or course.—ED.